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The California Garden

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HE world is full of contrasts and from some of them folks draw wonderful comfort, as he who shall find sauce for a tough steak in the fact that the unfortunate Belgian has none at all, but it can hardly be a dweller in our midst who shall comfortably contemplate the building of the Otay Dam in contrast with the accomplishments of our Supply Department in France. We read that in ten hours over there all the steel work of a building over two hundred feet long by sixty wide and twenty-four high was erected and bolted together while the progress in a year on our Dam with a big D, might be duplicated by a vigorous hand laborer with a wheelbarrow and a will.

Our one source of comfort is in the fact that generally we are of a mind that something should be done and are trying to do it and probably will when the something drops the some and materializes as a definite thing.

Not being an engineer of any sort we are chary of criticism, but we do feel that if the Dam is a war measure as has been stated, it has not been conducted as such. It appears to the interested, if unscientific, observer that even now were it recognized that the building of this wall in time to catch our next seasonal run-off would actually contribute to the defeat of the Hun it would be built.

The condition of the Dam is worthy of its name but there is a bright hope in the trend towards a definite general water policy that taking a survey of all possible sources of supply will lay down a plan for its orderly development to its greatest yield. This involves also the recognition of the axioms laid down by Professor Jepson in his great Tree book, that the possibility of development, and concurrently population, is absolutely limited by the water supply and the time is within thinking distance when for certain districts it can be definitely said the sign "Take the next car" must go up.

Naturally this limitation is still far away in San Diego where we have only guessed at water possibilities but we might keep in the back of our minds the fact that they are not inexhaustible.

In line with this it was recently suggested to us that it was not intended that too many folks should be privileged to live hereabouts. That certain portions of the earth were

scheduled for a rest from the burden of people; a rather novel idea to most of us who have deemed the earth honored rather than burdened by our presence. Unless this resting period is a very long one our vicinity should have pretty well overcome that tired feeling for there are no evidences of a teeming population at any time. We asked an old man of the mountains if he thought this country had ever supported a large population and he dug up a speculation that there were a good many people down by the desert once upon a time, but admitted that these might have been merely tourists collected for the fishing in the big sea there. In any case the future of San Diego County is a water story and perhaps before the limit of development by storage of rainfall is reached we may have solved the economic conversion of salt into fresh water and then our Dams will be a very small noise.

There is one equation which many people introduce into this sum that cannot be seriously considered and that is the changing of the climate. All over the world it seems to be common that a recrudescence of a "change in the climate" idea occurs. Here it was most virulent when a rampaging Colorado River created the Salton Sea and the idea persisted even after government cool heads had shown that the presence of the gulf back of Lower California had not prevented that country from being the driest spot in North America. There is nothing in figures, where they have been kept over any considerable period, to justify a belief that sudden and permanent changes in climate occur and in the light of world movement rather than man's span any perceptible change in a hundred years would be sudden. Earth's processes are timed on an awfully long schedule.

There is one thing we can be very sure of and that is the absolute importance of this water question, which should tolerate no befogging or clogging of the issue by personalities or politics. We need water much worse than any man or many men, any or all parties. There is no need for guessing; it is possible to know what water we have, where it is, and how to get it. If any proposition does not provide it that must be changed for another that will, and all units of development undertaken in the future must fit into a scheme for the whole.

The Dahlia

Alfred D. Robinson



ANYONE who attended the Dahlia show last month at Balboa Park knows that this article ought to be written by one Norton Langford who there showed what can be done with these flowers in the stiff soil of Mission Hills. Perhaps you did not read in the last Garden what this enthusiast did to his soil before he planted his tubers and the long odds are you won't do it to yours even if you did. I recall the remark of a visitor to the show who said as he entered, "Has a fellow named Langford got any blooms here? Why a neighbor of his told me he dug up his lot fifteen times and put in five loads of manure." I am afraid the inference intended to be drawn from the inflection of tone used with this remark was hardly complimentary to the digger but I am free to confess it filled me with admiration for his courage and muscle and his blooms were worth even more effort.

I bring up this instance of noble digging for two reasons. One to compliment the digger, the other to draw attention to what the old world dahlia growers consider essential to good culture. In Europe the real preparation of the soil is done the year before when vegetables, or pansies, or some crop requiring maximum feeding, are grown upon the area intended for dahlias the next year for these latter like best an old soil. If this be so the dahlias of Mr. Langford next year should be something tremendous and those who would feign have dahlias without serving fifteen times for them with shovel and rake can prepare a bed this Fall. As there are distinct advantages to a Fall preparation, the chief of which is that the full seasons rainfall will help the incorporation of the manure into the soil, a brief prescription seems in order. Dahlias want the maximum of humus in their soil and also quite deep cultivation, so it would seem good to prepare their bed by trenching rather than the ordinary spading over. Trenches two feet deep, wide enough to spade comfortably and three feet apart should be dug and filled with stable manure. This will settle to half its bulk in a short period when it should be filled with more manure. If rains don't come as they ought to, irrigate, for this manure must be rotted. In January towards the end of the month the trenches can be filled, the ground levelled and spaded up roughly, though the location of the trenches must be marked as the tubers are to be planted between and not in them. Where the top soil is not deep enough to allow of this the inferior subsoil

dug out should be removed and not left on the surface. Another good loosening up should be done before planting and the ground kept cultivated all the time at frequent intervals. Barnyard manure as fresh as you like is the best for trench filling though in its absence soft weeds and cuttings, lawn trimmings, etc., are good, in fact none of these should ever be burned or removed out of our gardens. Before replanting, a dressing of bone meal and lime will add to the chances for prize blooms.

This is a long way ahead and it is almost too much to expect that any one will pay any attention to the advice. That is not my part of the business to hold your nose while you swallow my medicine.

The number of exhibitors at the dahlia show was "Fair Pitiful." Since its holding I have seen in our city at least one hundred gardens that could have shown dahlias and did not, north, south, east, and west. I wish I had time to call on all these for their reason in not exhibiting. The answers would probably make wonderful texts for garden sermons. Further comment would probably sound like cussing so I let it go thus.

I have just cut back to the ground a number of dahlias and expect some flowers, quite a lot if the season prove mild, in any case the tops were showing mildew and the flowers small and few. These were left undug last year and started to bloom in April. Dozens planted in June are still good but to maintain quality a frequent application of liquid fertilizer is needed, the easiest way is to add some fresh manure to your mulch every second week and water through it. I have not found the forcing of two crops a season injures the strength of the tubers, on the contrary, for all growth above ground is counter-balanced beneath.

I again make a plea for a Dahlia club within the Floral Association and it must be started now when we have blooms to encourage the weakkneed.

Some very good seedlings are being grown in San Diego this year and future shows should have a big class of these.

Too much sugar is used on the American table, with a consequent loss of variety and piquancy of flavor. The nutty flavor of grains, the natural sweetness of cornbread, the distinctive flavor of fruits and the real coffee taste are too often smothered with sugar.

A Letter From "Over There"

By King, of England

West Hartlepool, England,

Aug. 3, 1918.

To the Readers of California Garden:

As I pen these few lines news comes to hand from the Front of the splendid bravery of our American cousins in cooperation with the French and British armies in effectually stopping the onrush of the German hordes, and sending them back with tremendous rapidity and an enormous loss of life. Surely the tide has turned and before long we shall have the longlooked for peace and freedom of the world, which is your and our sincere wish. President Wilson has put his whole soul into this war and has acted throughout as he thought best, but his wishes would have been of little avail had not the whole American nation been solidly behind him. Your efforts recently have proved to the whole world that the U. S. A. are determined with us, that it shall be a finish that is sure and lasting. To that end we are tightening our belts and grinding our teeth and putting up with all sorts of inconveniences that we should have thought impossible before the war. And another thing we are sure of is, that free, liberty-loving America is doing the same. That the end may justify the means is the sincere wish of all, and I don't think we shall be disappointed. We have had a fairly good year, so far as regards horticulture and agriculture. Early in the year we had

cold winds and a lot of rain, then about a month of real hot weather, after that thunder storms for a week or two, and now we are enjoying another spell of fine weather. Our gardens are doing remarkably well. Potatoes (excepting very early ones) are a good crop, peas and beans are good, but beetroot is rather poor. All who can are growing sun-flowers and swedes for our poultry and rabbits, in the winter. Nearly everybody who can are keeping rabbits to help to make a little extra food. I have a pair of Giant Flemish and have had two litters already, one of seven and one of 10. There are plenty of waste weeds etc. in the gardens to feed them, so we are hoping to have some for Xmas time, when the usual goose and turkey are things of the past, but we are very thankful for small mercies and must not grumble. The June "Garden" has just come to hand and I am glad to read that the Rose show has been such a glorious success. I am also pleased to think that the "Gardenites" are not forgetting the boys at the camps and in the hospitals. A flower at the bedside or on the camp table often reminds a lonely lad of the best and dearest spot on earth, and takes his mind back to father and mother's garden at home. I will now close hoping you have a successful and happy summer. Yours sincerely,
W. C. KING

Garbage in Poultry Ration

The extent to which garbage may be profitably used in poultry rations when it is freshly gathered and properly classified is indicated by two experiences in the St. Louis Back Yard Poultry Campaign. These cases have come to the attention of the U. S. Food Administration which is urging that garbage be kept free from glass, metal and other articles which interfere with its best utilization either as feed for hogs or poultry or for reduction into such products as grease and glycerine.

Joseph Heinberg, a St. Louis restaurant keeper, feeds thirty ducks and fifteen hens almost entirely on the garbage from his place of business. His grain costs are exceedingly small. The method is to boil all peelings and parings in water, adding any waste gravy or grease. If the mixture is too thin, he thickens it with short and any waste bread, which is first crumbled.

The green food he feeds raw. This with a

small amount of grain covers his entire feed ration and he claims that his egg production is most profitable.

The other instance in which garbage is used to help the hen fight the Hun is the experience of Mrs. Beck also of St. Louis. She keeps fifty layers in a small yard and feed is the least of her problems. By supplying convenient receptacles, Mrs. Beck made arrangements with a large Club nearby to go to some pains in separating the waste from the dining tables and the kitchen. Dry bread crusts and similar materials are put into one bucket, meat and fish scrap into another and all other edible waste into a third.

After deducting what she pays out for the small amount of grain necessary to complete the rations, Mrs. Beck puts all the proceeds from her hens into Thrift Stamps, so she is willing to postpone spending her profits until Uncle Sam has no further need for her pennies.

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD



CAME up to the mountains yesterday for the first time in over a year and now I know what was the matter with me. My spirit pined to pillow itself under the oaks and pines and feel the solidity of the everlasting hills amid this world of tottering things both spiritual and material.

I am on the porch of Ed. Davis' Powam Lodge, looking across a valley of speckled greens, yellows and browns, to the heat-hazed bulk of Black Mountain and I want to stay here for a year and watch those lines and masses that revive my wavering faith in God and man and myself. I live by the sea, that hungry monster which smacks its chops as it lunges at the land or laps the shore with the effect of resting for a renewed attack, and I absorb the contrast of the mountain peace like a thirsty sponge.

To me comes a mountain dweller; one who has been habited to gaze long distances and his spirit has been trying to fly into the future and through the veil of the flesh. He has noticed in my general irregularity of atmosphere a something that leads him to believe I may be a kindred soul with whom to discuss real things. Perhaps a seer, for I have sat motionless an hour gazing into space, evidently enjoying it. He knows nothing of the avid rush for the morning paper, day after day, the extra editions, the turmoil of the massed thought of "What next?" By some chance my visitor, or host rather, struck a pet weakness right away. He sought a Joseph to interpret his dreams and asked what and whence dreams. Then we spoke of visions and prophecies; the sex problem and women generally and those mountains never laughed, but gradually their being bored through my verbosity and I hedged for I broke off in the middle of a definition of dreams into many classes, and said: "Oh, mountain dweller, let us have faith. I was just getting mine reestablished when you came. Our basis of argument is too trifling to stand any superstructure of thought. We are arguing about the tens of years at most; becoming impatient that this evil persists, that good languishes, and the issue is a matter of millions of ages behind us and to come and our judgment of what is evil, what good, is the merest opinion of a grain of sand on the sea shore, as to what is on the highest mountain. If the gods judged men as men judge men, condemnation, even damnation would be the lot of all, but they don't. They see over the mountains and valleys away be-

yond the horizon to the North and the South and the East and the West, and their view is large, wide, deep, and their patience infinite. Man is their job, not men. Perhaps we should not even go thus far in defining the gods, for one man finds them in the mountains, another in the sea, a third in the busy marts of men, but surely they are leading us on to a great destiny." And then I gave that little apologetic laugh even early birds have when they realize they are talking about inner selves in broad sunlight with a listener, and stopped; it was the other man's turn anyhow and had been for some time. He had come to talk. He had met some years ago an astrologer and seer who had foretold him all about the war which was to reach its worst in 1918, be adjusted in 1920, with eternal peace in 1925. Naturally the Biblical prophecy came along after as undeniable but not so detailed.

Back again we went to the inevitable waste of words, the settling in a moment of the problems of the ages, though with less and less seriousness on my part for the mountain line drew my eye. I felt its mass under me as a promise. I knew that mine was only a part of the problem, a very simple part, to live up to the faith in me. My querist left and I resumed commune with the mountains. Something said "But how about these fellows without faith?" The mountains replied, "Where are they? Where is the man who does not express faith by living? He sleeps with faith he will awake, he eats and drinks with faith that his needs will be fulfilled, he spreads his hands to the flame with faith that they will be warmed. Every act is one of faith. Just as these common acts of life expressing faith are done automatically, so man's being has an ideal, a god if you please. Does it matter what he calls his God, at least to the Gods who are concerned with man through the ages? Oh the mountains, only just a little way nearer the stars than the sea and yet how they uplift, and I suppose the dweller in mountain tops can similarly descend to the sea and his exaltation. It is all a part of the scheme and the moving from one place to another broadens the view, and takes the focus off ourselves.

Sounds awfully like preaching you think, but not a bit of it. I must confess I have not been thinking of you, only myself. I have been wondering through my pencil what I do feel as I luxuriate in the situation. Shade and breeze midst a valley dancing with heat, an eye strained with bloody headlines resting

on hazy peaceful mountains, a nose only yesterday eve offended by gasoline and burning breaklining, soothed by the mountain odors,

a tense body relaxed to the point of inertia. Go to your Mecca and see what it has for you

The Flower Garden

By Miss Mary Matthews.

September may well be called a month of preparation as everything in the garden needs attention. Soil should be gotten ready for the shrubs, bulbs and plants you expect to put in the coming season. Many things may be done that seem almost useless these dry, windy days, but if you look your garden over you will always find something that needs care.

If you are growing plants from seeds in boxes they will require looking after often and when transplanted should receive the best of care in the way of protection from the hot mid-day sun, careful watering and working of the soil in fact growing these things is an endless chain.

This is the best month for planting sweet peas. Be sure and buy the seeds of winter blooming kinds as the ordinary orchid flowering Spencers will, if planted now, come up, but grow slowly through the winter and give no blooms till the usual time.

Chrysanthemums will need daily care, watering dis-budding, keeping free from suckers, etc. When spraying overhed let it be done in the cool of the evening. Where you can keep your soil moist continue to plant winter blooming annuals. Where perennials are growing in boxes, it would be well to defer transplanting, if the weather should be hot and dry.. Plant early blooming narcissus, jonquills, Ixias and sparaxis. When Califor-

nia begins to supply her own bulbs and does not have to wait for imported ones, I believe we will have earlier, better flowers from them as in my opinion the majority of them are put into the ground too late in the season to give their best blooms. I also think that the best and safest fertilizer for them is very finely ground bone meal always mixed with lime. There are exceptions tho to this. For instance, most of the Iris resent too much lime, except those rare and costly ones, such as the oncocyclis, and the Regelia group, however very few of us can buy these nowadays—but the ordinary run of bulbs like sand and lime in the soil—and bonemeal is a reliable stimulant where used with plenty of water. They all like a finely pulverized soil to grow in.

Go over your whole place, see what needs attention, clean up if you can get the time, look over your vines and shrubs, cut out the superfluous branches, and tack up the main ones. Get rid of all dead leaves as they often harbor insects. Tho this has been such a dry season, the snails still have courage and you will have to get rid of all that you can or the chances are each morning you will find some choice thing ruined.

Though we do not have a great variety of blooms this month there is no lack of work to be done in the garden; in fact it is one of the busy months in the year.

Dahlia Show Awards

Following is the list of awards at the Dahlia Show held August 18, at the California Building in Balboa Park.

Best collection dahlias, one bloom each—Norton Langford, first; Collins Gilmore, second.

Best six varieties of cactus dahlias one each—Norton Langford, first; William Kito, second.

Best four varieties of decorative dahlias, one bloom each—Norton Langford, first.

Best collection San Diego seedling dahlia, one bloom each, grown by exhibitor—Miss Helen F. Woods, Mission Beach, first.

Best collection of recent introduction—Norton Langford, first.

Best one bloom white dahlia—Norton Langford, first.

Best one bloom white dahlia—Norton Langford, first.

Best one bloom red dahlia—Collins Gilmore, first; Alice M. Jones, second.

Best one bloom yellow dahlia—Norton Langford, first.

Best one bloom any other color—Mrs. John Doane, first; Norton Langford, second.

Best vase or other arrangement of dahlias—Mrs. Fred Scripps, Brae Mar, P. B., first; Mrs. Howard L. Sumerlin, 4011 Ingalls, second.

Best display of cut or potted fibrous begonias—Mrs. Fred Scripps, first.

Continued on Page 11



Buy Bonds Now

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Again the Government comes to the people of the country with the request that they lend their money, and lend it upon a more liberal scale than ever before, in order that the great war for the rights of America and the liberation of the world may be prosecuted with ever increasing vigor to a victorious conclusion. And it makes the appeal with the greatest confidence because it knows that every day it is becoming clearer and clearer to thinking men throughout the nation that the winning of the war is an essential investment. The money that is held back now will be of little use or value if the war is not won and the selfish masters of Germany are permitted to dictate what America may and may not do. Men in America, besides, have from the first until now dedicated both their lives and their fortunes to the vindication and maintenance of the great principles and objects for which our Government was set up. They will not fail now to show the world for what their wealth was intended.

WOODROW WILSON.



Fresh Vegetables for Fighters

The extent to which the French and British armies have developed their "home-grown" vegetable supply is described in a report just received by the U. S. Food Administration. During the summer months the French army is entirely dependent upon its own potatoes and fresh vegetables. The French authorities have established vegetable gardens in or near all of their billeting areas. These gardens are maintained by the troops billeted from time to time in the vicinity. The system works excellently and is appreciated by the soldiers, who realize that though they may not stay long enough in one place to see the actual fruits of their labor, they can be sure of reaping the harvest of similar gardens established elsewhere.

Vegetables grown with greatest success are potatoes, cabbages, turnips, leeks, onions, carrots and beans.

War gardens and farms developed by the British army in France, although greatly curtailed by the enemy advances last spring, comprise upward of 5000 acres.

Gardens Near Hospitals

The gardens are cultivated by troops and such of the men as were gardeners in civil life direct part of the work. Wherever possible, gardens are also established near hospitals. One base hospital in France, accommodating 800 patients, has maintained a gar-

den of 60 acres in which all kinds of vegetables are grown. This land is worked by convalescent patients during a short tour of duty before being discharged. Light duties and the open air are beneficial both mentally and physically to the convalescent.

American Troops Will Have Gardens

The gardening operations of the Allied armies have been so successful in France, where the food question is always vital, that American troops will grow a large part of their own fresh vegetables. Bulletins explaining the system of planting and culture to be used will be sent to all garden officers upon receipt of their requisitions for seeds. All army manure is to be hauled and spread upon the gardens.

The control of the agricultural activities of the American armies, at cantonments and posts throughout the United States as well as in France, is vested in the Conservation and Reclamation Division of the Quartermaster General's office. The gardening activities are designed to supply a considerable part of the food consumed by the Army and to give the troops fresher and better food than they could otherwise get. It also tends to reduce the volume of transportation, a weighty problem in war time. For every million men under arms, the annual saving in transportation is expected to exceed 250,000 tons.

September Meeting

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dorland opened their home for the regular September meeting of the Association. President Connell and Miss Sessions made an appeal for bulbs, to be given to the gardens at the Camp Kearny Base Hospital. Bulbs are the most inspiring of all plants to cultivate. They are easy to tend and give quick, bright returns. For the camp work there is a great need of the oxallis bulbs, especially. Paper white narcissus, watsonias, freezias, amaryllis, snow flakes and fairy lilies are all good. It is hoped that every person who reads this report will collect from his own garden, or from those of his friends and neighbors every bulb possible, and send to the San Diego and Arizona Ticket Office, on Thursday morning. From there the committee in charge will deliver them to Major Moss who has charge of the planting at the hospital.

Miss Sessions gave the main talk of the evening on the subject, "Bulb Planting." She stated that heretofore our main supply of bulbs has come from Holland. Our own state is becoming more and more able to produce

our own needed supply. Purdy, the Cottage Nursery and Gephart Precht have all done good work along this line. This is the time to plant bulbs. Miss Sessions gave the following practical suggestions:

Always leave one or one and a half inches of the amaryllis bulbs above the ground. Dig and move Easter and Japanese lilies now. Plant watsonias now. These will all bloom next summer and fall. Freezias, snowflakes, paper white narcissus, jonquils, daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, Spanish iris should be planted now for winter blooming.

Ranunculus and anemones should be planted the last of October. If it is desired to have a longer season and later blooms, hold off the planting and keep bulbs in a cool place. For all bulbs use a good, rich, light, loose soil; not much manure or fertilizer. If fertilizer is to be used, place it low down in layers, so only the roots will reach it.

Miss Sessions showed colored plates and catalogues from foreign countries, some of which can be secured by application to the firms.

Some Songs Your Boys Are Singing**OVER THERE**

Over there, over there,
 Send the word, send the word over there,
 That the Yanks are coming,
 The Yanks are coming,
 The drums rum-tumming ev'ry where,
 So prepare, say a pray'r,
 Send the word, send the word to beware,
 We'll be over, we're coming over,
 And we won't come back till it's over over there.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing
 And a white moon beams;
 There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true;
 Till the day when I'll be going down
 That long, long trail with you.

KATY

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
 Your're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore.
 When the m-m-m-moon shines over the cowshed
 I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

Keep the Home-Fires burning, while your hearts are yearning,
 Though your lads are far away they dream of Home;
 There's a silver lining through the dark cloud shining,
 Turn the dark cloud inside out, Till the boys come Home.

SMILE

If you smile in the morning you'll smile until night,
 Smile and the world will be smilingly bright.
 And tho' the skies that were blue turn'd to gray,
 Smile and you'll chase Mr. Trouble away (keep smiling)
 Smile when it's cloudy and don't mind the rain,
 Sunshine must come after while,
 Smile if your clothes are in silk or in rags,
 You're in style when you're wearing a smile.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride!
 From ev'ry mountain side let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, land of the noble free, thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills:
 My heart with rapture thrills like that above.

Our fathers' God! to Thee, author of liberty, to Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

The Lath House

A. D. Robinson

LVEN with early September come signs of the Fall of the year and the first thing to show are the tuberous begonias. I am quite aware that many of these are still glorious but others have become mere stalks and seed pods with an inferior blossom and they should be at once treated for the benefit of the tuber and next year. Withhold water except just enough to keep from absolute dryness and the stalk will come away from the tuber when the latter is ripe. Never break off the stalk. Obviously this is easier to accomplish when pots are used instead of planting in open ground. Even when the stalk is off leave the tubers alone for a couple of weeks or so or else the thin skin is apt to peel. In any case these are not easily handled. My last year's experience in carrying them over was largely a failure and entirely so where they were left in the ground. The technique is to carry the tubers in dry sand in a place neither too warm nor too cold, neither too dry nor too wet, and to this is added the advice to inspect them often to see what is happening. My best success was in single layers in sand in a flat on a shelf in the lathhouse potting shed where no direct moisture reached them.

Even with the tuberous still blooming well the ripening process should be in mind.

Speaking from this year's experience, the double tuberous are apt to last the longest both as to individual flowers and length of blooming season. The single frilled give the best crown of bloom, their flowers being held erect on stiff stems well above the foliage, and the hanging basket, or Lloydii, varieties are a perfect joy. These latter we must have in numbers next season. Before, I believe, I have rather belittled the yellow hanging, but further acquaintance calls for an apology. The tubers were not even in quality and with purely human experience the worst shoved themselves ahead, later bloomers proved to be wonderful clusters of small double flowers on a single stem and one of them retains in its petals the green of the leaf it set out to be. I shall try wintering these tubers in sand, though at present they are as vigorous and fine as ever. This year has only confirmed my predilection for growing tuberous begonias in pots. Seedlings of this year will probably make but small tubers not much larger than peas and they must be cared for like the delicate infants they are. In sand in a glass house will perhaps be best.

Look to your cinerarias for planting out

now or next month. These could well be used as a ground cover through all the beds which become bare, as other growths retreat to winter quarters. Before planting mix in some fertilizer, probably a little bone meal would be good, as a quicker acting medium is likely to incite an undesirable amount of growth. The *Stellata* variety get tall anyhow.

Cinerarias must not lack for moisture and are cool plants.


Before, I have discoursed on garden walls, now I have built one, and, with added experience, find more enthusiasm but less fluency. One corner of the lathhouse has always suffered from the prevailing winds trickling through the lath enough to discourage growth and lap up moisture. Various remedies have been suggested which had simmered down to a burlap curtain, when old sacks went up to twenty cents and a vision of a wall arrived. I tackled this wall with a blessed inexperience, purposely placed first among my aids, an assortment of hardpan chunks, some sand and cement. I put down a foundation along the line and then knocked off work for the day utterly discouraged, as nothing less like a wall had I ever seen. Returning the next morning I did it all over again and went on without care for results. I piled chunk upon chunk in layers and threw in a core of cement to act as a backbone. All shapes went in, all sizes; the front showed lumps, bumps, slabs and points, but the lath at the back kept a general direction upwards. When fatigue made me pause I retreated to criticize, and behold, the result was satisfactory beyond my wildest dreams. A perfectly natural wall was growing and when at my much better half's suggestion I threw dirt at the cement which showed here and there, the one defacing feature disappeared. I resisted all suggestions to trim, put in cobbles at corners and on top, and all the other improvements suggested by folks who knew what walls ought to be, and I have a structure that looks so little hand-made that enthusiasts give it the final Hallmark of approval by saying, "It is Right". Just why, they don't say, because they don't feel analysis necessary. As a background in the lathhouse it is immense and any one can build such a wall, provided they have no experience.

I have been so interested in the wall that I forgot to advise that the watering in the lathhouse be done in the morning rather than the evening, from now on.

Don't forget *Primula Malacoides* for the lath house this winter, and in pots for the house.

A Tribute to an Oak Knoll

By A. D. Robinson

UST what is it that expresses itself in the endless variety of nature? Why when a point in the landscape seems superlative do we fail to find it duplicated? One scene is compared to another, one place to another, but even the least observant realizes they are never really alike. Perhaps throughout the scheme runs a myriad of threads along which are strung related parts so that when I find anything that absolutely fits I am taking hold of a bead in my own necklace. This thinking in writing is stirred by an Oak Knoll which I face and the contemplation of which joys me like converse with old friends to whom I can tell my troubles and confess my weaknesses, sure of understanding.

My Knoll is one of rounded lines, its color is the yellow green of autumn grass in a dry summer land and the oaks upon it are clustered to either end connected across the middle plain by scattering specimens. This arrangement makes the most of the shadows cast by the afternoon sun and gives the skeleton a chance so to speak. The oaks are not dense in foliage or the blue ones are not and the trunks and branches show, giving character to what otherwise would be a mere spot of green. Between me and my knoll swings a buzzard in great circles, at times seeming to be about to light among the trees and again in the middle distance as he passes aslant a bare patch. Man is represented on my knoll by a line of fence posts standing at its base and disappearing over its crest, but the feature is inoffensive.

I ask myself why I like this knoll? Why I wish I were not so contented to sit and look at it that I cannot rise up on my hind legs and walk upon it. In the first place it has no pretensions, it just is. It is not trying to be a farm without proper credentials, nor does it simulate a mountain with small unevennesses and abrupt angles. It has a variety that harmonises, sunshine and shade, trees and grass, gentle slopes and plateaus, and it seems so still, so permanent, so restful. Just then a gust of wind swept by me rustling my paper and bearing dust with quite a bustle, but my knoll never flickered an eyelash. Its trees are the oak, which of all trees speaks of cheerful old age. So different to the solemnity of the cedar and fir which run away up out of handshaking distance whence they look down upon mere mortals. The jolly old oak with his gnarled countenance and thin grised hair all lit up by the sunlight; a hale old fellow who laughs at the passing of the years and clings close

to the earth as if in his conversation he always started the earth and I, though I would wager much he would say "me" instead of "I", being so friendly that he could not be grammatical. Then he is friends with the grass. He does not say to it, "Get off my toes. I have preempted this space." Right to his trunk the grass blades reach; in fact they are more vigorous for his shade. And that grass, how satisfying it is in its very sparseness. Would any understanding person want that grass so thick that it covered the earth like a coat of paint, hiding a rock here and there, filling up perfectly good little holes, submerging fallen limbs in a mere green sea? I suppose if I were an artist I might be tempted to put a cow or maybe a flock of them in the pasture land at the base of my knoll, for artist folks you know can just push in a few anythings, wherever they want them, but no, the lone buzzard is all I want and it has gone sailing down the valley convinced of the absolute purity of my knoll.

I am writing of my knoll till my imagination is at work around it. I feel somebody saying it is "parklike" but I don't allow it; it is not, and has not to be like anything but itself and I resent any such inference.

I have just discovered two elder trees standing by themselves close to the bottom of the fence. Their skeleton is very distinct, their foliage a mere light green mist, they start a new train of thought. No, not thought, just imagining, and I am a boy again, making popguns out of their branches and drinking that acme of insipidity, elderberry wine.

We had an old elderberry in our back yard—but hold I am forgetting that my few readers may not be at rest in the mountains with nothing to do but be foolish about trees, and grass, and knolls, and imaginings of long ago.

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The Vegetable Garden

By Walter Birch

As I write this on the 14th inst. the rain is coming down quite steadily and it looks like more, but unless we get a good soaking which wets away down, it will not do to cut off your irrigation, as the subsoil at this time of year, is about at its driest. The rain, however, even though light, gives the air that soft growing feeling, and makes one wish to get out and dig in the soil and sow and plant.

September is one of the best months to spade up the ground that has been in use during the summer, not forgetting the fertilizer, and then replant for your winter garden. In doing this do not put the same things on the same ground, but put your root crops, like potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., where you had your corn, cabbage, beans and peas. In beans you can plant six weeks, Canadian Wonder and Broad Windsor. Plant these in rows 3 ft. apart and about 2 inches deep. It is also a good time to plant peas, treated in the same way. Cabbage and Cauliflower plants or seed can now be put in. If plants, space them 1½ to 2 ft. apart in rows 3 ft. apart. Plant lettuce, radishes, spinach, turnips, beets, carrots, onion seed or sets, parsley and parsnip. If you keep poultry and rabbits be sure and have plenty of kale, swiss chard, carrots and chicken lettuce. The latter you can keep on picking like swiss chard, and it will keep

growing. Get in a planting of potatoes this month, the White Rose is the favorite.

If you can get Celery plants plant a row or two, it needs rich soil and plenty of water. Plant in furrows six inches deep, about six inches apart, and when plants are good and strong draw the soil to them, being careful not to cover the crowns. Keep all your garden well cultivated, especially if the soil is heavy, and be sure there is moisture enough to promote healthy growth. Remember that we are still at war and that it is our patriotic duty to raise food. Our boys are surely doing the work "over there", let us back them up by helping to keep up the food supply and supporting the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross. The W. S. S. and Liberty Bonds we are of course supporting, as they are investments we cannot afford to overlook, but the others call for a little sacrifice and real giving.

The bulb season is with us again and Frezias, Watsonias, Narcissus, Gladioli, etc., are ready for planting. Be sure and prepare your ground well. If your soil is heavy, you will not have any satisfaction if you do not spade thoroughly and add sand, leaf mold, and well rotted manure. A good mulch of the latter will help to keep the ground moist and cool. Plant small bulbs 2 inches deep and 3 inches apart and large ones 5 inches deep and about 6 inches apart.

Dahlia Show Awards

Continued from Page 5

Best collection of potted coleus, asters, annuals, zinnias, marigolds—Mrs. Eva Gray, asters and ribbon asters, first; Miss Nan Christadoro, zinnias, first.

Professional—Best collection San Diego seedling dahlias—H. E. Sies, 3378 Granada street, first.

No. 10, best collection of cactus—H. E. Sies, first.

No. 11, best collection of paeony—H. E. Sies, first.

No. 12, best collection of decorative—H. E. Sies, first.

Special prize, Norton Langford, for general

quality and display; Mrs. A. D. Robinson, for begonia blooms, for table of potted ferns and streptocarpus, for white star arranged with the new white seedling dahlia (Star of the East, Philae); Miss Hortense Coulter, for excellent garden display; K. O. Sessions, for seedling begonia from Ecuador, egeneral nursery, display of cut flowers and plants; H. E. Sies, for excellent quality of display; J. Bodger & Son, Los Angeles, for new aster "American Beauty;" Edward Rust of South Pasadena, display of named dahlias and one new seedling No. 33, a very unique shade of rose pink; A. D. Robinson, new seedling dahlia, H. P. Blavatsky; Balboa park, Egyptian Lotus in white, pale pink and deep rose, named collection of dahlias and collection of seedling dahlias; Charlotte Robinson, collection of dahlias.

Resolve to grow Dahlias!

The California Garden

Alfred D. Robinson, Editor
G. T. Keene, Manager
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If Your Copy Is Late

Because of the unprecedented conditions all periodicals will frequently be late. If your copy of California Garden reaches you even a month behind time think yourself lucky to get it at all. It is not possible to pass the blame to the postal folks or dealers and the Garden does not want it, so if you must be peeved find an object outside these three and suit yourself.

The Garden's volunteer force is badly disorganized and hiding behind a thousand war activities and till a return to normal conditions you may expect anything or nothing.

MONTHLY MEETINGS

October, G. H. Becker, 2434 A Street.
November, Julius Wangenheim, 149 West Juniper Street.
December, Miss H. Coulter, 3162 Second Street.
January, Mrs. M. German, 1860 Third St.
February, L. A. Blochman, 3260 First St.
March, Geo. W. Marston, 3525 Seventh St.
April, Stephen Connell, 1877 Lyndon Road.
May, Miss Alice Lee, 3564 Seventh St.

Certain members of the Floral Association, also non-members, are still faithfully carrying on the good work of sending flowers to the men at Camp Kearny Base Hospital. Worthy of special mention are Miss Rainford, Boyle & Darnaud and the Park Board, who always remember to "say it with flowers", on Thursday morning. One lady, at National

City, never misses a single week in bringing in her choicest blooms. Also a member from La Jolla can always be depended upon for a box of beautiful flowers. This week Mr. Lawrence sent out a burlap sack full of fine bulbs to Major Moss, who has charge of the planting at the Base Hospital. Next week Mr. and Mrs. McFarland plan to do the same.

The sick soldiers, the nurses, the Red Cross workers and the committee of the Association all appreciate each effort, however small. This is a valuable work for the Floral Association, collectively and individually. It is a case of "Many a nickle making a muckel." Will you help with a nickle?

Little Sugar Stories

Fruit canned without sugar can be sweetened later by opening and re-heating with sugar, sorghum, molasses, sugar cane syrup, white syrup, beet syrup, honey, or maple sugar.

Fruits can be preserved in grape juice or apple juice in place of a sugar syrup. Extract the juice from very ripe fruit and boil down to one-half the volume to form a thin grape or apple syrup.

If sorghum syrup and sugar cane syrup is sealed to prevent fermentation, it will prove a good winter sweetener. Well made cane syrup can be used to take the place of sugar even in coffee.

Syrup made by reducing the juice of grapes, apples or pears to one-seventh of the original volume can be used in preserving, in canning or on the table to replace sugar to a great extent.

All fruits can be canned successfully without sugar for future jelly making, pie filling, and marmalades. Can in hot water, in their own juice, or the concentrated juice of apples, pears or grapes.

Fresh fruits and green vegetables used freely in the diet will cut the demand for very sweet desserts.

For dark cakes, and chocolate, coffee, or caramel ice cream use half and half sugar and molasses. For light cakes and light creams use half and half sugar and white syrup.

If fruit is allowed to become soft ripe on the trees it will acquire enough sugar on its own account to make it very palatable for canning without sugar. Where fruit is abundant, can ripe fruit in its own juice.

Serve very ripe, sweet peaches, pears and figs without the addition of sugar, or with cream whipped up with a little white syrup or honey.

Drying fruit concentrates the sugar, the amount of sugar in some fruits is over 50 per cent. Dried fruit make excellent jam, pickles, salads and ice cream, and when eaten as stewed fruit need less sugar than fresh fruit. Select the sweetest fruits for drying.

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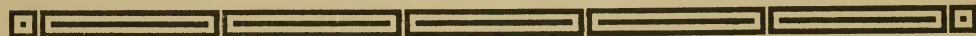
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